

Killer and the Sound by aforallyyyyyyx

Category: Harry Potter, Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Eleven/Jane H., Harry P., J. Hopper, Sirius B.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-12-29 22:28:04

Updated: 2018-12-29 22:28:04

Packaged: 2019-12-12 03:45:42

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,305

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Sirius and Harry, no matter what, would always be XY390 and 013. Those marks would never leave them. Even though Harry might not remember (and Sirius begged to whatever God that was out there that he wouldn't). Sirius saw Azkaban Prison every night he closed his eyes.

Killer and the Sound

"So, you got any family here in the states, or?"

Sirius blinked. The Chief of Police- Hopper, first name Jim- was, quintessentially, American. He'd probably never heard an English bloke in his life, but how could one man sound so disinterested by everything and everyone?

Hopper was flipping through his pocket notebook, a cigarette in his mouth, but Sirius decided to just bite the bullet and answer him. Not like Hopper would listen, anyway.

"Just my son, Harry," said Sirius, and Hopper nodded, without looking up. Sirius had rehearsed his answers and could safely say what he knew. "His mum passed away about two years ago. I wasn't contacted, and they put him up with his aunt. She, well." Sirius swallowed back his anger, "Petunia never wanted anything to do with Harry, anyway. She called me and told me to come get him, and here we are, I suppose. He's four, now."

Sirius showed the chief one of Harry's newer portraits for "preschool," the one he kept in his wallet, next to his muggle driver's license. It was one of Sirius's favourite photos of him- sure, it didn't "move," per-say, as wizarding pictures did, but it showed his smile. And Harry was a cute kid- he had James' curly hair and dimples, and Lily's eyes.

"Looks like you," Hopper grunted. Sirius smiled. Harry also had the bone structure of the Blacks.

They were interrupted by Flo, who told Hopper that a farmer called Merrill was here to file a report. Merrill claimed that his neighbour, Eugene, ruined his crops, as the two had been feuding over the Pick Your Own Pumpkin business. Sirius ended up accompanying Hopper out to the bloke's pumpkin patch, where the pumpkins there were hollow and rotten. Overall, it was a very slow day apart from this minor spat between neighbours.

Sirius, on Halloween, was as morose as ever. He was still able to drag

himself out of bed in the morning. He put Harry in his seat and fed him breakfast, before getting him dressed in some corduroys and a button-up. The preschooler didn't seem to mind too much when Sirius, thinking better of it, found a coat to drape around his shoulders. It was surely going to be chilly today. The States were prone to have more extreme weathers than the likes of England. Sirius usually had to pay attention to the morning news to figure out what kind of day it would be. He also had to untack his conversion chart from the fridge to figure out what kind of day it would be outside in *Celsius*.

It was surprisingly routine, doing things the muggle way. Sirius's wand lay buried in one of the kitchen drawers, and he hoped he would never have to use it. It was almost like a gun, in the sense that he had to check that it was there and keep it out of Harry's hands. He had his own handgun to worry about as well- he started the morning by checking that and his wand. Then, he turned to the news and put the kettle on. He'd wake Harry by the time he had breakfast cooking, fed him, and got him dressed. He'd add a new temperature to his chart and convert it into Celsius.

They walked around the cemetery to reach the playpark, which in the mid-morning was filled with enough mums and tiny children to make Sirius nervous. He was something of a mystery around town- which made him an oddity- perceived as the handsome, foreign police officer, rumoured to have worked with Scotland Yard. That was only partially true. And here he was, standing in a playpark with Harry on his day off.

As Harry ran off to play, Sirius kept standing- he wasn't planning to be the hover-parent, but he also didn't like the idea of finding a bench that was too far from his godson. He had to remain overly cautious, but hated the idea of it.

"Officer Black?" A woman approached him before speaking. She was fairly attractive- feathered brown hair, blue eyes, and a fit body. His eyes went to the playground one more time before turning his attention on her completely.

"Hello, I don't believe we've met," Sirius turned the charm on the woman. "Sirius," he said, and the woman shook his hand.

"Karen Wheeler," She smiled. "Is your son Harry? In my daughter's preschool class? I'm Holly Wheeler's mother. Holly won't stop talking about the pretty boy she met at school last week."

"Oh, really?" He said with a smile. Sirius wished to wonder if she were divorced but he knew that he shouldn't. He only really in this tiny Indiana town because Harry needed a nice, safe place to grow up. He couldn't get distracted. Harry had to have his 100%. Although how could he have his full attention on Harry, when he'd ended up here by throwing a dart on a map? There was a lot to figure out and a lot to be prepared for. Sirius just hoped that he could start blending in well enough. Moving to America was quite an unnecessary undertaking, but if he could stay away from those who'd broken his trust, then all the better.

Ah, well. At least there were some pretty American women here to talk to. She seemed much better than the boring cops he was working with.

Harry sat in his lap, his tiny four-year-old body pressed against Sirius's own. He was silent, and his green eyes were somewhat blank, in a way. They were like Sirius's today, sad and melancholy. But Harry couldn't really know, could she? Sirius pressed his head upon his chest and kissed his curly hair. It was only a moment later that Harry shifted, wiggling around until his face was on Sirius's shoulder in the dark living room, lit only by the glow of the television screen.

Sirius had answered the door for a couple of kids, and Harry had fun putting candy in their buckets and pillowcases. He wasn't sure that Harry was ready for real trick-or-treating. His unusual quietness tonight worried him and besides, he was four, and Harry couldn't really know what Halloween was, yet.

The glow of the TV flickered, as Harry yawned and Sirius caught the tiny tattoo stamped on his wrist, illuminated by the KFC commercial that blared annoying tinny music to no end. The tattoo was a brutal reminder of where he'd be if Sirius hadn't gotten them the hell out of England. And Sirius's own chest was covered by those reminders, too.

Sirius and Harry, no matter what, would always be XY390 and 013.

Those marks would never leave them. Even though Harry might not remember (and Sirius begged to whatever God that was out there that he wouldn't). Sirius saw Azkaban Prison every night he closed his eyes.

He remembered reliving his worst memories, and starving to the point of near-death, the torrential rain that lashed against his cell every night, the darkness. The cold and ever-lasting darkness.

Harry, on the other hand, remembered sterile white walls and fluorescent lights. He would awake Sirius, some nights, stammering, *"It was the dream again! It was a-all white and the faces were st-staring at me!"* He was terrified of the "that man," and the faces, especially when he had dreams like this. Sirius usually let Harry stay with him, with his stuffed deer under his arm, with his little blue blankie with him all the time.

Tonight, Harry was dozing on his shoulder while the local news played behind him. Sirius was nodding off, too, and that was how he awoke the next morning, laying on his back on the sofa with a toddler passed out on top of him.

It was getting to be a thankfully slow life.